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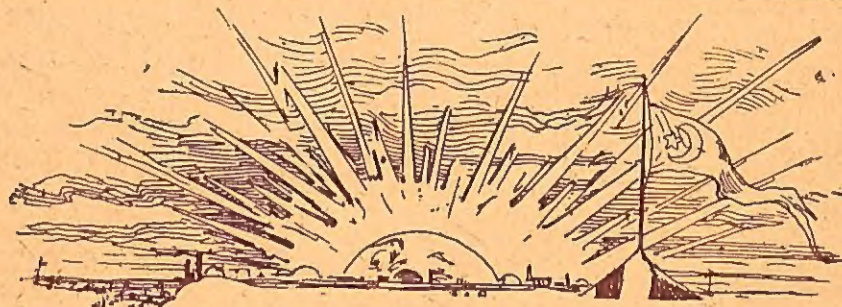
Ismailia

20th Annual Session
Monday December 30 '07

E. STEWART SUMNER,
REC., PYRAMID TEMPLE,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

CHAS. E. MARKHAM Recorder
Anchor Line Dock
BUFFALO, N. Y.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR



ANCIENT ARABIC ORDER, NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE

ISMAILIA TEMPLE

OASIS OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Twentieth Annual Session

will be held in the

Scottish Rite Cathedral

164 Delaware Avenue

Monday December 30 1907

at seven-thirty o'clock P. M.

Reading of Annual Address and Reports

Election and Installation of Officers

Attest:

Chas. E. Markham

Recorder

Lloyd L. Westbrook

Potentate

A maiden there was in Communipaw,
Who climbed up a tall, leafy junipaw;
But the bark was quite rough,
And her skin wasn't tough,
And she blistered the palm of her puny
paw.



My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,
On the banks of the river Slow,
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair.
Where the Sometimeorother scents the air,
And the soft Goeasys grow?
It lies in the Valley of Whatstheuse,
In the province of Letherslide;
That tired feelings is native there—
It's the home of the listless Idontcare
Where the Putitoffs abide.
The Putitoffs smile when asked to Pay up
And say they will do it tomorrow;
And so they delay from day unto day,
Till Death cycles up and steals them away,
And their Creditors beg, steal, or borrow.



Our fam'ly is the queerest one
I'll bet you ever see;
There ain't but one in all the batch
With a good quality.

The rest o' us have lots o' traits,
But all of 'em are bad;
An' if you don't believe me, why,
You jest ask dad.

There's sister Kate and sister Nell,
Their fault is makin' breaks;
They ain't like pa a single bit,
Because they make mistakes.

They ought to have 'been better with
The training they have had;
But if you don't believe me, why,
You jest ask dad.

Next comes my sisters, Bess and Sue,
With fault of too much style;
They seem to think o' nothin' else—
They talk it all the while.

They keep us in hot water with
Some fool, expensive fad;
An' if you don't believe it, why,
You jest ask dad.

Now last—not least—comes Bill an' me;
Fergittin' is our trait;
It ain't no habit we've acquired—
It seems to be our fate.

We all take after ma, we do—
No wonder we're so bad;
An' if you don't believe me, why,
You jest ask dad.



Mary had two little calves,
Of most peculiar kind,
They always went where Mary went,
Yet always stayed behind.



He rambled into the desert waste
And rambled 'mongst the thorns;
And rambled with such "Burning haste"
He rambled off his corns;
And rambled into burning pitch,
And rambled out pell mell
And rambled into a seething ditch
Of oil as hot as—
O, didn't he ramble, ramble,
Ramble? I should guess,
In a terrible mess;
Didn't he ramble, ramble!
Yes, he rambled 'till the camel threw him down.



Little Johnnie, having in his possession a couple of bantam hens, which laid very small eggs, suddenly hit on a plan. Going the next morning to the fowl run, Johnnie's father was surprised to find an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams, and above it a card, with the words:

"Keep your eye on this and do your best."



There was a weather prophet,
A prophet of renown;
And when he said that it would rain,
The rain came pouring down.
And when he said the sun would shine,
It shone with all its might;
And when he prophesied a frost,
It came within the night.
There was a weather prophet;
I know not when, or how,
There WAS a weather prophet—
There isn't any now!



A man with a wife back in Gloucester,
Didn't try her affections to foucester;
As a matter of course,
She applied for divorce,
And now the poor fellow has loucester!



"Dear Husband: Much to my surprise
I find expenses mounting;
Your last week's check is all used up
Despite my best accounting.
My health demands I stay away
And therefore, to my sorrow,
I'll need a hundred more at once,
So please remit tomorrow."

(Explanation: Bridge.)

"Dear Wife: My loneliness is great,
So words cannot express it;
I keep your picture on my desk
And every hour caress it.
The modest sum for which you ask
Shall not go by unheeded,
And so I send two hundred now,
In case more may be needed."

(Explanation: Poker.)



'Tis not the clothes that make the Noble;
But the Noble makes the clothes:
And the earth is full of gladness
And the feet are full of toes;
And the sea is full of water
And the shoes are full of feet,
And the chicken's full of feathers
And the butcher shop of meat;
And the dog is full of fleeclets,
The one legged have one limb
And the hive is full of beeleets
And the Shriner of Zem Zem;
And the camel's full of patience
And the tiger full of vim;
And the goat is full of smelling
And the mule is full of whim;
And the desert's full of "teedles,"
And the sands are full of heat,
And the rope is full of needles
And the pathway full of peat.
And the unregenerates love us
And embrace us when we meet:
It's a pity that the novice
Does not wear asbestos feet.



"Don't eat that kitchen apron, Bill,"
The prudent Nanie cried,
"And why? I'd like to have you tell,"
The greedy goat replied.
"Because 'twill make you sick," she said,
And turn you all kerflummick;
A kitchen apron's bound you know,
To go against the stomach."
My Bonnie lies under the auto;
My Bonnie swears under the car.
Please send to the garage for some one
For 'tis lonesome up here where I are.

Teacher—Who was the most patient person that ever lived?

Student—Mrs. Job.

Teacher—How do you make that out?

Student—Why, Job endured a whole lot, but she had to endure Job.



Oh! take a tumble to yourself,

My dear inflated brother,

And when you have digested that

Then pause and take another.

The world would run if you were dead

I somehow have a notion,

With just the same old rate of speed

And just as smooth a motion.

The garden truck would be as green,

The hens would keep on laying.

The farmers would be just as strong

For harvesting and haying.

The cars would still run on the tracks,

The boats would keep on floating.

And men would still be wise enough

For light and heavy voting.

The men who worked in field and mine

Would still be quite as busy

Providing food and other things

For Sarah, Jane and Lizzy.

And Congress would keep bobbing 'round,

Its knotty woodpile sawing,

Forgetting that its pay was there

Just waiting for the drawing.

So take a tumble and reduce

That swelling 'neath your bonnet.

Your not the flywheel of the works,

You're just a fly upon it.

The earth was jogging right along

Before you ever hit it;

And it will still be going some

When you have up and quit it.



"Where have you been, Sam?" "I've been up to ma two ears in work, sah."

"Up to your two ears in work?" "Yes, sah." "What doing, Sam?" "Eatin' a watahmellion, sah!"



Aunt Judy—Well, I sincerely hope you will be happy with him, Mandy. Is he a steady young man?

Miss Mandy—Steady! My goodness, Aunt Mandy, he's been coming to see me for more than eleven years.



Miss Sweet—Is Miss Stately circumspect?

Miss Slap—Is she circumspect? Why, she won't even accompany a young man on the piano without a chaperon!



Sing a song of penitence,
A fellow full of rye,
Four and twenty serpents
Danced before his eye;
When his eye was open
He shouted for his life,
Wasn't he a pretty chump
To go before his wife?
His hat was in the parlor
Underneath a chair;
His boots were in the hallway;
His clothes were everywhere,
His trousers in the kitchen,
His collar on the shelf,
But he hadn't any notion
Where he was "at" himself.
When the morn was breaking,
Some one heard him call;
His head was in the ice-box
And that was best of all.



A young lady who often thought out loud had just been shown through a garter factory.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed; 'ninety million pair in one year? I don't see where they all go to.'

"Neither do I," replied the young man, coloring slightly.



A clergyman was very fond of a particular hot brand of pickles, and, finding great difficulty in procuring the same sort at hotels when traveling, always carried a bottle with him. One day when dining at a restaurant with his pickles in front of him, a stranger sat down at the same table, and, with an American accent, presently asked the clergyman to pass the pickles. The clergyman, who enjoyed a joke, politely passed them and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing the Yankee watering at the eyes and gasping for breath.

"I guess," said the latter, "that you are a parson?"

"Yes, my friend, I am," said the clergyman.

"I suppose you preach?" said the Yankee.

"Yes, my friend, I do," said the clergyman.

"Do you ever preach about hell fire?" inquired the Yankee.

"Yes, I sometimes consider it my duty to remind my congregation of eternal punishment," replied the clergyman.

"I thought so," rejoined the Yankee, but you are the first of your class I ever met who carried samples."

ISMAILIA TEMPLE

A. A. O. N. M. S.

OFFICIAL DIVAN FOR 1907

ELECTED

LLOYD L. WESTBROOK, - - - *Illustrious Potentate*
WILLIAM S. RISELAY, - - - *Chief Rabban*
HARRY W. CRABBS, - - - *Assistant Rabban*
WILLIAM L. ALEXANDER, - *High Priest and Prophet*
MARTIN H. BLECHER, - - - *Oriental Guide*
CHARLES F. BISHOP, - - - *Treasurer*
CHARLES B. MARKHAM, - - - *Recorder*

REPRESENTATIVES

III. GEORGE L. BROWN, (Ad vitam)
III. LLOYD L. WESTBROOK,
NOBLE WILLIAM S. RISELAY,
NOBLE JOEL H. PRESCOTT,
NOBLE WILLIAM D. DOHERTY

TRUSTEES

JOEL H. PRESCOTT, GEORGE P. WILKINS.

PAST IMPERIAL POTENTATE

III. GEORGE L. BROWN

PAST POTENTATES

JACOB STERN	*CHARLES W. CUSHMAN
FRANK T. GILBERT	WALTER D. GREENE
ERASTUS C. KNIGHT	GEORGE L. BROWN
THOMAS PENNEY	WILLIAM H. LYONS

*Deceased

HONORARY MEMBERS

FIELD, CHARLES L.,	San Francisco, Cal.	May 29, 1891
LODER, GEORGE F.,	Rochester, N. Y.	Dec. 30, 1887
LUCE, FRANK M.,	Chicago, Ill.	May 29, 1891
STYLES, WILLIAM L.,		May 29, 1891
COLLINS, HENRY A.,	Toronto, Ont.	Dec. 20, 1905

APPOINTED

JOHN T. CLARIS	- - -	<i>First Ceremonial Master</i>
J. ARTHUR C. DODGE	- - -	<i>Second Ceremonial Master</i>
WILLIAM DEMPSTER	- - -	<i>Director</i>
GEORGE P. WILKINS	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
FRANK A. ROGERS	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
CLARK H. HAMMOND	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
JOHN E. MURPHY	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
WALTER C. NICHOLS	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
JOHN LEY	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
GEORGE F. DIEMER	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
WILLIAM R. BOTSFORD	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
LOREN H. BROOKS	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
ADELBERT W. CUMMINGS	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
FRED E. POTTER	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
CHARLES R. GIBSON	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
L. J. SHUTTLEWORTH	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
JAMES E. PAXON	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
GEORGE M. FOX	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
HENRY C. HOLSHOFF	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
NORMAN B. ALLEN	- - -	<i>Assistant Director</i>
WILLIAM O. RUTHERFORD	- - -	<i>Chief of Arab Patrol</i>
HERBERT I. SACKETT	- - -	<i>Electrician</i>
GEORGE REIMANN	- - -	<i>Alchemist</i>
HUGH A. SLOAN	- - -	<i>Assistant Alchemist</i>
JOHN A. McLAUGHLIN, Jr.	- - -	<i>Captain of the Guard</i>
WILLIAM CHRISTIAN	- - -	<i>Outer Guard</i>
JOHN MALCOLM	- - -	<i>Master of Wardrobe</i>
HENRY M. MARCUS	- - -	<i>Musical Director</i>
ULYSSES S. THOMAS	- - -	<i>Organist</i>

RECEPTION COMMITTEE

GEORGE L. BROWN, *Chairman*

FINANCE COMMITTEE

WILLIAM D. DOHERTY, *Chairman*

ALVIN W. DAY

GEORGE H. McMICHAEL

NECROLOGY COMMITTEE

FRANK T. GILBERT, *Chairman*

COMMANDER OF DRILL CORPS

HERBERT I. SACKETT